THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

This familiar Miscellany, from which all religious and political matters are excluded, contains a variety of original and selected Articles; comprehending LITERATURE, CRITICISM, MEN and MANNERS, AMUSEMENT, elegant EXTRACTS, POETRY, ANECDOTES, BIOGRAPHY, METEOROLOGY, the DRAMA, ARTS and SCIENCES, WIT and SATIRE, FASHIONS, NATURAL HISTORY, &c. forming a handsome ANNUAL VOLUME, with an INDEX and TITLE-PAGE. *Its circulation renders it a most eligible medium for Advertisements.*—Regular supplies are forwarded weekly to the Agents, viz.

LONDON—Sherwood and Co. Booksellers; E. Marlborough, Ave-Maria-lane; T. C. Smith, 36, St. James-street.
Ashborne, Derb.—W. Hoon;
Ashton—T. Cunningham;
Bath—Mrs. Meyler;
Bilston—S. Bassford;
Birmingham-R. Wrightson;
Bolton-J. Kell; Brandwood;
Blackburn—T. Rogerson;
Bradford—J. Stanfield;
Bristol—Hillyard & Morgan; J. Norton;
Burnley—T. Sutcliffe;
Bursiem—S. Brougham;
Bury—J. Kay;
Carlisle—J. Jollie;
Chester—R. Taylor;
Chorley—C. Robinson;
Clithero—H. Whalley;
Colne—H. Earnshaw;
Congleton—S. Yates;
Denbigh—M. Jones;
Doncaster—C. & J. White;
Dublin—De Joncourt and Harvey; and, through them, all the booksellers in *Ireland*.
Dumfries—J. Anderson;
Durham—Geo. Andrews;
Edinburgh-J. Sutherland;
Glasgow-Robertson & Co.;
Halifax—N. Whitley;
———R. Simpson;
Hanley—T. Allbut;
Harrogate—T. Langdale;
Huddersfield—T. Smart;
Hull—J. Perkins;
Kendal—M. & R. Branthwaite;
Lancaster—J. Miller;
Leeds—H. Spink;
Manchester—J. Fletcher; T. Sowler B. Wheeler; and G. Bentham & Co.
Macclesfield—P. Hall;
Mottram—R. Wagstaff;
Newcastle-under-Lyme-J. Mort;
Newcastle-u.-Tyne—J. Finley;
Newtown—J. Salter;
Northwich—G. Fairhurst;
Nottingham—C. Sutton;
North Shields—Miss Barnes;
Oldham—J. Dodge;
Ormskirk—W. Garside;
Oswestry-W. Price; Edwards;
Penrith—J. Shaw;
Prescot—A. Ducker;
Preston—P. Whittle;
Preston I. Wilcockson;
Ripon—T. Langdale;
Rochdale—J. Hartley;
Sheffield—T. Orton;
Shrewsbury—C. Hulbert;
Southport—W. Garside;
South Shields-W. Barnes;
Stoke—R. C. Tomkinson;
St. Helen's—I. Sharp;
Stockport—T. Claye;
Sunderland—G. Arbutt;
Ulverston—J. Soulby;
Wakefield—Mrs. Hurst;
Warrington—J. Harrison;
Welchpool—R. Owen;
Wigan—Mrs. Critchley; J. Brown;
Wolverhampton-Mr. Simpson, Bookseller;
Worcester—T. H. Wheeler
Wrexham—J. Painter;
York-W. Alexander & Son

No. 318.—Vol. VII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1826. PRICE 3½d.

Criticism, Fine Arts, &c.

THE NOTATION OF MUSIC SIMPLIFIED.

Some months since we were favoured with a copy of a little work, entitled "The Notation of Music simplified; or, the Development of a System, in which the Characters employed in the Notation of Language are applied to the Notation of Music; by Alexander Macdonald." Our copy was presented to us by a friend of the author, in the expectation, we presume, that we should notice it favourably in the periodical works under our control. Candour, however, obliges us to say that we do not much approve of the method recommended by Mr. Macdonald, except for purposes to which we shall presently advert. This new notation, as it is called, appears to us to possess as little claim to originality as to utility; but in order that we may not proceed on *ex-parte* evidence, we shall here introduce a short account of the system, drawn up by a friend of the author, and presented to us for insertion, together with a copy of the work:—

"This little work developes a system, in which 'the characters employed in the notation of language are applied to that of music.' The letters of different alphabets supersede the use of the stave; the value of the different notes and rests is expressed by numerals expressive of their relative proportions; the clefs are marked by fractional numbers; and the various accidental characters are represented by the points used in punctuation.

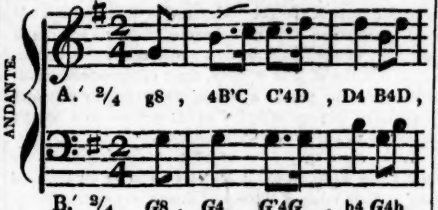
"The system is highly ingenious, and so simple, that a mere inspection of the key is sufficient to enable any one tolerably acquainted with music to comprehend it. It is one of those inventions which, when promulgated, excite our surprise that they, or inventions similar, were not made earlier; and our surprise is the greater when, as in the present instance, the inconvenience occasioned by the *desiderata* which they supply has long been experienced and acknowledged. Had this invention been made and promulgated earlier, we are confident that such 'captivating' compilations as The Harp of Caledonia, and The Spirit of British Song, would not have been ushered into the world 'destitute of their most captivating garb, the music.' To have published these volumes with the songs set to music upon the notation hitherto in use, would have increased their price so as to have placed them greatly beyond the reach of ordinary purchasers; whilst the additional expense of publishing them with the songs set to music upon this notation, would not amount to more than a fraction of their present price. Independently of this saving, the perspicuity of the system, the little space which it occupies, and the expedition with which music may be copied upon it, are such as must strongly recommend it to general adoption. The ingenious author concludes with observing, that 'such is the simplicity of this notation, and so inconsiderable the expense attending its application, that, were it generally known, it is highly probable no song would make its appearance, even in the most homely style, unaccompanied with the music;'—and, he might justly have added, its adoption may be the means of effecting a more general acquaintance with that delightful science."

We must refer those who are interested in the subject to the work itself, for the full particulars of Mr. Macdonald's scheme of notation. The letters of the gamut supersede the use of the stave, and the small letters and different capitals are employed, to ascertain the octave to which the letter belongs. A comma represents the single bar, the dash the double bar, &c.; sharps are expressed by the acute accent, flats by the grave accent, and naturals by a small perpendicular line; and all the other requisite parts are represented by symbols equally foreign from those now in use.

We shall here annex the old catch, "White sand and gray sand," in the notation of Mr. Macdonald; to which we shall add a few bars of "Home, sweet home," after his manner, and in the ordinary notation also; and having given our readers these specimens, we shall offer a few remarks upon the merits and originality of this "simplification" of musical notation, as it is termed.

1	2/4	C4	D8'	C6,	B4	C4,	2
		White	sand	and	gray	sand:	
2	2/4	E4	F8'	E6,	D4	E4,	3
		Who'll	buy	my	white	sand?	
3	2/4	C4	A8'	f6,	g4	c4—	1
		Who'll	buy	my	gray	sand?	

HOME, SWEET HOME.



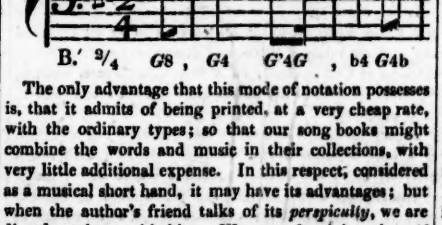
The only advantage that this mode of notation possesses is, that it admits of being printed at a very cheap rate, with the ordinary types; so that our song books might combine the words and music in their collections, with very little additional expense. In this respect, considered as a musical short hand, it may have its advantages; but when the author's friend talks of its *perspicuity*, we are directly at issue with him. We are of opinion that, if even Mr. Macdonald's plan be adopted, it will be merely as short-hand notes, which must afterwards be translated into the ordinary long hand, or present system of notation. With respect to the novelty of the invention, as we have already observed, we have our doubts.

The proposed substitution of letters, with their distinctions of capitals, small capitals, italics, &c. for the staves and octaves, and commas, &c. for bars, so far from being a simplification of the present mode of notation, would be a retrograde movement in the fine arts; the adoption which, there is, however, no reason to apprehend in this age of improvements. We say a retrograde movement, because it appears to us to be a return to the barbarous and clumsy notation of former days, which has been long abandoned by common consent.

Rousseau, in his Complete Dictionary of Music, page 267, observes, that the method by which the ancients pricked their notes was established on a very simple foundation, which was the connexion of ciphers, that is, the letters of their alphabet.

In 1024, Gui d'Arezzo, Benedictine, introduced the use of the stave on lines, on which he marked the notes in form of points, expressing, by their position, the elevation or the lowering of the voice.

In the same work of Rousseau which we have just named, we find a piece of music written in a peculiar way, which seems to bear some analogy to that of Mr. Macdonald. We subjoin a few bars as a specimen:



The present mode of notation is, in our opinion, beautiful and natural. The notes, by their elevation or depression on the staff, convey an accurate idea of the interval between each, except where, for the sake of convenience, the tenor or counter-tenor clef is substituted for that of the treble. This kind of musical ladder, if we may so term it, is much more simple and intelligible than a monotonous jumble of letters and figures in one uniform row; and although, as in short-hand, a great deal more can be comprehended in a small space than in the ordinary mode of notation, we deny that, by any practice, it can ever be read with that rapidity which the present mode admits of. Indeed we require no other proof of the excellence of the notation now in use, than the fact, that an accomplished player is able, at one glance, to comprehend and execute a complex piece of music, the eye at the same moment taking in treble and bass, with all the intervening harmonies. This could never be done on Mr. Macdonald's system, which, like many other systems of short hand, if it be written with somewhat more expedition, is read with infinitely greater difficulty. In our next, we shall introduce a really new and most ingenious system of notation, suggested by one of our townsmen; and shall also give a specimen of "God save the King" after his method, which, for some species of music, is, in our opinion, an improvement upon the system now in use.

C.

Criticism.

PHRENOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should have submitted the following remarks to you somewhat earlier, had not particular engagements interfered. A writer in the last *Kaleidoscope* has taken up the cudgels against Phrenology, and with what success the reader is left to judge. The same arguments, which have so frequently and constantly been overthrown, are still resorted to; and phrenology seems to stand in a predicament not dissimilar to Sisyphus. However, some more capable person will, no doubt, be induced to come forward in the present instance; but my present object is with a Mr. Richard Winter (Spring?) Hamilton, &c. &c. who has long been absorbed in cogitating the defeat and destruction of phrenology; which, at length, he has accomplished, with a vengeance, in a very *easy* pamphlet, entitled, "An Essay on Craniology;" a glance at which may be had, on reference to the *Literary Gazette*, for July 8th, No. 494. That the science of caput-reading affords a rich field for the satirist, the wit, and the *vice-president*, seems scarcely to admit of a doubt, from the bold way in which our facetious author *bares* his powers, whets his sickle, and makes awful preparations for the harvest. Accordingly, he rushes forward, and, lo! the first sweep shears the science of its title. But "a rose by any other name," &c.

"The author of this very clever and very humorous essay," remarks our blinded and misled friend, Jeerdan, "treats the science of craniology (the proper name for what is improperly styled phrenology) with the derision and satire which its folly provokes." Very good, Jeerdan; but if its folly be thus palpable, why should such extensive derision and satire be wasted on "what is improperly styled phrenology," whose flimsy pretensions to philosophy can be so apparent, even to the *oi πολλοί*. Recollect, too, that derision is not argument; and, probably from incapacity as well as prudence, Mr. Winter has adopted the former in preference to the latter, as all arguments against the science in dispute (and, doubtless, of wiser heads than his) have, long since, gone "to the bourne—"

The reviewer goes on to add, "he shows us that it does not even possess the merit of novelty," &c. From this last clause, it is evident that the reviewer and author are very little acquainted with their subject, especially the latter, who seems rather shy of courting an acquaintance with even the titles of each organ, if we may judge from his mis-calling "causality" by the name of "casualty." But this is a trifle, a *casualty*, perhaps, or an error of the press. Phrenologists lay no claim to their science being a recent discovery; for Spurzheim says, "that those who maintain that it is an invention of Gall, are mistaken." The earliest philosophers endeavoured to account for the various faculties of the mind, and form them into some regular class. St. Augustin, too, determined with great exactness the faculties which are common to man and animals, and those which are proper to man. Albertus Magnus, archbishop of Ratisbon, in the 18th century, delineated a head, and indicated upon it the seats of the different faculties of the mind. Read Spurzheim's Outlines, page 84, for a fuller account than the present limits will permit me to adduce. Gall and Spurzheim were, however, the first who classed and reduced these *problema* to an *organized* system; yet, from time immemorial, have not such remarks as follow been handed down?—"What a noble forehead! What a speaking eye! What an intellectual countenance! How noble a head!"—"Peasants, even, know that horses with large foreheads are more docile than those with small foreheads; and therefore they put them at the head of the team. Jockeys, too, and horse-dealers, base their craft on chiefly the head of the animals, and know those who are biting and stubborn by the configuration of the forehead."

But the name—the name. Every schoolboy knows that phrenology is derived from *φρεν*, mind, and *λογος*, discourse; consequently, it is not improperly styled thus, as it only treats of the faculties of the mind, deducible from the formation of the brain, but does not enable one to predict actions. With respect to the latter, and that it *can* do so, seems to be the determined stand of our reviewer; witness his friend's tales of Uncle Tim's butler and barber. Let me, however, bring forward a point; if, for example, the organ of combativeness be developed on a skull, it does not follow that the owner thereof is a bully, or frequently involved in brawls. The pre-disposition may, indeed, lurk within; for "the natural man" is prone to every evil, but, by the blessing of revealed religion, he may be allowed the power to curb and finally destroy it. The Hindoos, a people remarkable for peace, sloth, and langour, do not possess any symptom of "pugnacity," in the slightest degree; yet, that circumstances may overcome this deficiency in the *amor belli*, we may be assured of from the fact, that when they are compelled to fight, and marshalled under European officers and tactics, they prove firm and gallant soldiers, so long as they have a leader to suggest and direct them.

Our Hamilton finds fault with the close vicinity, or almost mixture of organs, whose sentiments clash in the most opposite degrees,—which shows his simplicity to be even greater than his incapacity. Are not the most opposite feelings mingled together in one mind? Do we not meet with individuals miserly in some respects and prodigal in others; and, in short, a thousand glaring matters known to the shallowest reader of human nature?

But I have exceeded the limits that you lay down for your regular correspondents. Permit me, lastly, to observe, that, to cover a defeated foe, Mr. Hamilton brings forward obtuse and acute angles, polygons, rhomboids, trapeziums, &c. May be he could tell what a strathspey is? If he cannot fill the bellows-bag better at one of his native reels than he fills the character of author, "let him hold his peace for ever after."

Oh! jam satis. Good night, Mr. Hamilton.

With respect to the old objections of your last correspondent on this subject, if no better offer I will have the pleasure of taking up some of his points as an amusement. In the meanwhile, awaiting the result, I shall

LOOK ON.

The Traveller.

EXCURSION TO THE CAVES IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

While tours to the Lakes of Westmorland and Cumberland are all the rage; when every nook and corner of this charming scenery has been as minutely described as the lofty mountains which surround those delightful regions, it appears to us surprising that the singular and romantic caves in the neighbourhood of Kirkby-Lonsdale have attracted so little of the notice of the traveller, and especially of the tourist writers. As a contrast to the peculiar beauties of lake scenery, these subterraneous natural excavations possess a charm, which greatly enhances the interest they excite in the minds of those who admire nature in all its forms and modifications.

These caves may have been minutely described, for any thing we know to the contrary; but we seldom hear any mention made of them, and those who repair to Westmorland or Cumberland, on a tour of pleasure, seem to regard the Lakes as the principal, if not the sole object of their curiosity.

A correspondent, several years ago, drew our attention to a tour to these caves, which we perused with much interest, as we had ourselves recently visited them, under circumstances which endear the recollection of the excursion. The recent and much-regretted death of one of the gentlemen who accompanied us upon the occasion, led us to revise our portfolio, where we found the narrative, which we shall lay before our readers, after paying a pass ing tribute to the late Mr. John Gough, of Kendal, the gentleman to whom we have just alluded. Happening to dine at the house of this extraordinary man, on our return from Scotland, about sixteen or seventeen years ago, the conversation turned upon the much-neglected caves in the neighbourhood, and, as Mr. Gough had never visited them, he made a proposal which was too tempting to be resisted; he offered to accompany us himself, if we would prolong our return home, so as to admit of the expedition.

We accordingly did delay our return, and had the pleasure of making the tour of the caves with Mr. Gough and one of his scientific friends.—Mr. Gough, as many of our readers must know, was a gentleman, who, although from infancy deprived of his sight, had acquired unusual proficiency in the learned languages, in mathematics, and the sciences. He excelled particularly in botany; and, during our little excursion, we found that he could, by means of his cultivated touch, detect those nice distinctions, which, depending upon the shape of the seed of a plant or flower, are not easily discovered by ocular examination.—Mr. Gough rode on horseback, fearlessly, and without hesitation, except in certain parts of our road, which are, perhaps, as barbarous as any in the kingdom. Here we led his horse, while he continued mounted. His conversation, during the tour, was equally instructive and lively; and we have seldom experienced a more pleasant day than that which we passed with this philosopher, in exploring Yordas Cave, and other natural curiosities, with which the neighbourhood abounds.

The regretted death of this worthy and enlightened man occurred not very long since, and we are much pleased to hear that his memoirs are preparing for press.—*Edit. Kal.*

About six o'clock, one morning in June, we set off from Kendal, and after travelling about a dozen miles along a good turnpike road we arrived at Kirkby-Lonsdale. About the mid-way we left the little steep, white mountain Farlton-knot, about a mile on the right; which is all composed of solid limestone, three or four hundred yards in depth. Those who have seen both say, that on the west side it is very like the rock at Gibraltar. Kirkby-Lonsdale is a neat, well paved, clean town, ornamented with several genteel houses, adjoining to some of which are elegant gardens.

A small brook runs through the market-street, which is useful and commodious to the inhabitants. The church is a large and decent structure, covered with lead, and containing three rows of pillars: the steeple is a square tower, containing six bells, the music of which, in chimes, we were entertained with at nine o'clock. Opposite the church-gates is the old hall, taken notice of 150 years ago by drunken Barnaby, in his Itinerary: it is still an inn, and, no doubt, keeps up its ancient character.

We walked through the churchyard, which is large and spacious, along the margin of a high and steep bank, to a neat white mansion-house full in view, about half a mile distant, called Underlay. At the foot of the steep bank on which we walked, being about 40 or 50 yards perpendicular, glided the large pellucid river Lune, amongst the rocks and pebbles, which amused the ear, while the eye was entertaining itself with a vast variety of agreeable objects. A transparent sheet of still water, about a quarter of a mile in length, lay stretched out before us: at the high end of it was a grotesque range of impending rocks, of red stone, about 30 yards in perpendicular. Our guide told us, that in winter this precipice was in some parts so glared over with ice, from the trickling water down the surface, as to make it appear like a sheet of alabaster: from other parts of the impending rocks hung enormous icicles, which made it appear like a huge organ. On our return we were amused with prospects of a different nature. The church and town before us enlivened the scene; and some mill-wheels between them and the river added an agreeable variety. The vale beneath seemed to dilate and expand itself; the few parts which were visible afforded sufficient ground to conceive an assemblage of

the most entertaining objects. Ingleborough, whose head was wrapt in a cloud, stood the farthest to the south in the rank of mountains which faced us.

After breakfast we walked by the side of the river to the bridge. The channel is deep, the stream rapid among rocks, the banks on each side covered with trees of various foliage, which serve both as a defence and ornament. The bridge is the most lofty object, ancient, and striking to the eye of a stranger, of any I have yet seen. It is built of freestone, with three arches, two large and one smaller; the height from the surface of the water to the centre arch being about twelve yards. These arches are ribbed, which made the appearance the more grotesque. Tradition is silent as to its antiquity; but we were amused with one anecdote of its founder, which seemed to be a remnant of the ancient mythology of the north; and one instance, among many, of easily accounting for anything that is marvellous. The country people affirm that it was built by the devil one windy night. He had but one apron full of stones for the purpose, and, unfortunately, his apron string breaking as he flew with them over Casterton-fell, he lost many of them, or the bridge would have been much higher.

We travelled near the bottoms of the mountains, on the side of Lonsdale, along the turnpike-road, about an hour, being in three counties in that short interval, Westmorland, Lancashire, and Yorkshire, and amidst a variety of entertaining prospects. The number of small carts, laden with coals, each dragged by one sorry horse, that we met, was astonishing. Many of the smaller farmers earn their bread with carrying coals, during the most part of the year, from the pits at Ingleton and Black Burton to Kendal and the neighbouring places, and burning lime to manure their land.

After we had got about six miles from Kirkby-Lonsdale, to a public-house called Thornton-church-stile, we stopped to procure a guide, candles, lantborn, tinder-box, &c. for the purpose of seeing Yordas Cave, in the vale of Kingsdale, about four miles off. By the advice of a friend, we also took with us a basket of provisions, which we afterwards found to be of real service. When we had gone a little above a mile, we were entertained with a fine cascade, near some slate-quarries, made by the river out of Kingsdale, falling down a precipice about eight or ten yards high, which afterwards runs through a deep grotesque glen to Ingleton.

While I was musing on the many bad effects of peopling distant countries and neglecting our own, we arrived at the object of this excursion, Yordas-cave: it is almost at the top of the vale, on the north side, under the high mountain Gragareth. Having never been in a cave before, a thousand ideas were excited in my imagination on my entrance into this gloomy cavern, which had been for many years dormant. When I had entered a little into it, I could not but imagine it like the place where Diana and her nymphs were bathing, when intruded on by Acteon: and indeed there wanted nothing but an ancient wood to make one believe that Ovid, in each case, had taken from hence his lively description. As we advanced further, and the gloom and horror increased, the den of Cacus and the cave of Polyphemus came into my mind. I wanted nothing but a Sybil conductress with a golden rod, to imagine myself like Æneas going into the infernal regions. The roof was so high, and the bottom and sides so dark, that, with all the light we could procure from our candles and torches, we were not able to see the dimensions of this cavern.

Having passed a small brook, which one of the party called the Stygian lake, we came to the western side of the cave; which is a solid perpendicular rock of black marble, embellished with many rude sketches, and names of persons now long forgotten, the dates of some being above 200 years old. After we had proceeded twenty or thirty yards northward, the road divided itself into two parts, but not like that of Æneas's descent, each having a divine tendency. On the right was the Bishop's throne, and on the left the chapter-house, so called from their resemblance to these appendages to a cathedral. Here we could not but lament the devastation made in the ornaments of these sacred places; some Goths, not long since, having defaced both throne and chapter-house of their pendent petrified works which had been some ages in forming. The little cascades which fell in various places from the roof and sides served to entertain the ear with their watery music, while the eye was busy with the curious reflections made by our lights from the streams and petrifactions all around us. We were told by our guide, what a great effect the discharge of a gun or pistol would have upon our ears; but not being desirous to carry our experimental philosophy so far as to give pain to the organs of hearing, we were not disappointed in having no apparatus for the purpose.*

While we were regaling ourselves with the provisions we had brought, we inquired of our guide if he could furnish us with any curious anecdotes relative to this cave. After informing us that it had been alternately the habitation of giants and fairies, as the different mythology prevailed in the country: he mentioned two circumstances we paid some attention to. About eighty or ninety years ago, a madman escaped from his friends near Ingleton, and lived here a week, in the winter season, having had the precaution to take off a cheese and some other provisions to his subterranean hermitage. As there was snow on the ground, he had the cunning of Cacus, to pull the heels off his shoes, and set them on inverted at the toes, to prevent being traced. An instance, among many others, of a madman's reasoning justly on detached parts of an absurd hypothesis. Since that time he told us a poor woman, big with child, travelling alone up this inhospitable vale to that of Dent, was taken in labour, and found dead in this cave.

Leaving Yordas we shaped our course to Ingleton. The rocks on each side of Kingsdale are black marble, of which elegant monuments, slabs, and other pieces of furniture, are made. When polished, this marble appears to be made up of entrochi and various parts of testacious and piscacious relics. After we had regaled and rested ourselves at Ingleton, we took an evening walk about a mile above the slate quarries, where we had objects both of art and nature to amuse ourselves with. On one hand was a precipice ten or twelve yards perpendicular, made by the labour of man; being a delf of fine large blue slate, affording an useful and ornamental cover for the houses in the adjoining parts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Westmorland. On the other hand was the river rolling down from rock to rock in a narrow deep chasm, where there was no room for human foot to tread between the stream and the rugged steep rocks on each side. Several pieces of the slate were bespangled with small bits of spar, in a cubic form, about as big as a pea, and of the colour of brass; others were variegated with various foliages in the shape of ferns, pines, and different vegetables. We crossed the river by means of the broken fragments of rocks, which afforded us their rugged backs, above the surface of the water, to tread on, and then returned to our quarters on the other side of its channel.

Early next morning we set off for Ingleton-fells, or Chapel-in-the-Dale, along the turnpike road leading to Askrigg and Richmond. We had not travelled much above a mile before we came into the dale, which for near three miles had something in its appearance very striking to the naturalist. There were high precipices of limestone rock on each side; and the intermediate vale seemed once to have been of the same height, but sunk down by the breaking of pillars, which must have supported the roof of an enormous vault. This hypothesis does not seem so very absurd, when we take into consideration the vast caverns that are found in this and every other limestone country. About three miles from Ingleton is the head of the river Wease, or Greta, on the left hand side of the road, only a few yards distant from it. It gushes out of several fountains at once, all within twenty or thirty yards of each other; having run about two miles under ground, making its appearance in two or three places within that distance. When there are floods, it runs also above ground, though not in all places, except the rains are extraordinarily great.

When we had gone about a mile farther, being four miles from Ingleton, we turned off the turnpike road to some houses near the chapel, where we left our horses. At first we imagined we had here met with an exception to the maxim of Butler, in his Hudibras, viz.:—that no missionary ever planted a church in a barren land; for the chapelry produced neither grain nor any kind of fruit. Yet though they were destitute of these productions, they were blessed with excellent pastures, and were rich in herds of cattle, which enabled them to purchase not only the produce of other parts of England, but also the enjoyments and elegancies of foreign climes. Having little intercourse with the luxurious part of mankind, they were temperate, substantial, sincere, and hospitable. We found an intelligent, agreeable companion in the Curate, who, as Dr. Goldsmith observes on a like occasion,

> ——"Is to all the country dear,
> And passing rich, with forty pounds a year."

The first curiosity we were conducted to was Hurtlepot, about 80 yards above the chapel. It is a round deep hole, between 30 and 40 yards diameter, surrounded with rocks almost on both sides, between 30 and 40 feet perpendicular above a deep black water, at its bottom. All around the top of this horrid place are trees, which grow secure from the hatchet; their branches almost meet in the centre, and spread a gloom over a chasm dreadful enough of itself without being heightened with any additional appendages. It was indeed one of the most dismal prospects I had yet been presented with. The descent of Æneas into the infernal regions came again fresh into my imagination.

After viewing for some time its dreadful aspect from the top, we were emboldended to descend by a steep and slippery passage to the margin of this Avernian lake. What its depth is we could not learn; but from the length of time the stones we threw in continued to send up bubbles from the black abyss, we concluded it to be very profound. How far it extended under the huge pendent rocks we could get no information, a subterranean embarkation having never yet been fitted out for discoveries. In great floods we were told the pot runs over; some traces of it then remained on the grass. While we stood at the bottom, the awful silence was broken four or five times in a minute, by drops of water falling into the lake from the rocks above, in different solemn keys. This deep is not without its inhabitants, for large black trouts are frequently caught here in the night by the neighbouring people.

When we returned to the superior regions, we pursued our journey about 150 yards farther up a very narrow grotesque glen, over a natural bridge of limestone about ten yards thick, having the subterranean river Wease, or Greta underneath. When we got to the head of this gill, we were stopt by a deep chasm called Ginglepot, at the bottom of a precipice. It is of an oblong and narrow form; and an enterprising person, with a steady head and active heels, regardless of the fatal consequences from a false step, might leap over it. It is filled with smooth pebbles at the bottom, except in the south corner, where there is deep water. The length of this chasm is about ten yards, and the perpendicular depth at the north corner about twenty yards. In our way from Hurtlepot, we could not help remarking the ruins of two small artificial mounts of earth, which we were told formerly served as butts when the inhabitants exercised themselves in archery.

* We had more curiosity than the traveller. We fired a well-loaded musket, and the effect was truly terrific. It seemed as if the whole mountain was coming about our ears, and it required some presence of mind not to make a precipitate retreat.—*Edit. Kal.*

Poetry.

THE DREAM OF THE DRUMSTICK; OR, THE LEGEND OF M'CARTHY.

"Varium et elegans omni fere
Numero poema facere"—*Cicero.*

CANTO FIRST.

God save the King! we are arrived at last,
(No doubt about it) at some grand epocha,
When poets, illegitimate, have cast
Their burthens on the muse, as if to choke her,
Intent to rein their Pegasus as fast
As they can move her with their iron poker;
Upon my honour, Sir, this is an age
Of dreams and goblins, truly, I presage!

Not long ago, your paper, the *Kaleidoscope*, was fill'd with ghosts and apparitions,
Things that old virgins tremble at, but I
Despise, with all their airy coalitions.
A. B. C. D. E. F. I know not why
The other letters did not write petitions,
Perhaps their Lordships were averse to troubling
The troubled spirit of the ghost or goblin.

With your permission, now, most noble Sir, I
Intend to step into that author's shoes;
For I must tell you (I am very sorry)
He knows not how to regulate his muse;
Yet true politeness ever is my glory!
I, therefore, (should your nondescript* refuse
To let *me* tell *my* dream) will be so cruel
As to plunge pen point in a poetic duel.

Why does *he* call *me* by that vile name 'M'
Carthy?" I, who am not call'd "M'Carthy!"
Could he not make his forward muses back,
Nor mix my "nomen," as the ancient Parthians with the Persians, and the Scythian pack,
The Goths, and so forth? as the Roman party,
Pliny, the naturalist, and Cicero, the orator,
Have pledged their honour, "the truth for it, or."

Alas! these, surely all, are inauspicious times,
Since I, whose muse conceiv'd ten thousand verses,
Should tail a "for it, or," to make my rhymes
Run mild and gently, in their various courses.
When last I left the Heliconian climes
I did not dream of Spencer's fairy verse: is
"For it, or," that curious topsy turvy,
Worse than "a purvey," or "nocturnal survey?"

Upon my honour, I am quite polite,
And my politeness is so very cool,
That, since this measure I must now indite,
As lawyers say, "I shortly shall show rule;
These hopping stanzas hop out of my sight,
For I am of the Addisonian school:
This measure, therefore, recollect 's my proem,
And quite unusual in an epic poem.

Now, by the honour of my grey goose quill,
I will not let this grave Philodemus†
Though he be wiser than Cleobulus;‡
Give to the public my poetic pill,
I hope his Lordship will not take it ill,
(His diction doth not very much enoble us)
His song is more appropriate for a pelican,
Than for the golden nightingales of Helicon.

Now for my dream, my dream? I do not mean
That I myself am a poetic dreamer;
But all the muses, in their flowery scene,
Must float down Lethe with their separate streamer:
The time's of no importance; for I deem
Time, in itself, is but a transient gleamer,
Which leaps o'er palaces or cots of sorrow;
These call the thing to-day, and those to-morrow.

I don't pretend to judge of things below,
For they are *all* beyond my comprehension;
But let us now to Mersey's temples go,
Dismissing fear and calming apprehension;
And, gliding gently to the floods below,
Receive whate'er the nereides choose to mention:
But stay, my Pegasus, your own poetic wings,
For, hark! the charming Calliopè sings.

When first on Mersey's stream I stood,
And saw the forests bow around,
The monarch of this silver flood,
Then started from the blue profound;
And, shaking first his dewy curls,
He rais'd to heaven his streaming hand,
And as the laughing water twirls
Around his feet, he gave command.

Ye piny groves, who leap upon
And gambol round my subject stream,
Who bow before the golden sun,
Or dance in Dian's silver beam;
The times approach when ye shall wave
No more in air your towery heads,
But sleep in some unfathom'd cave,
Beneath my cool and coral beds.

And then shall rise upon the site
Where once your spicy forests smiled,
Where once the eagles of the night
The wanderings of the storm beguiled!
A town, whose own expanding arms
Around thy bosom shall be curl'd;
A town, with such commercial charms,
The great emporium of the world.

And Indian climes, Arabian gales,
Golconda's mines, and Chili's ore,
Shall hasten in the snowy sails,
That wander where my surges roar.
'Tis not in ivy'd Birkenhead
That I my future reign shall hold,
But from my native bower I tread
Past Ilion and the mines of gold.

On Easter-hill, enthron'd above,
My silver'd arms shall bathe the sun,
When gurgling near the Toxteth-grove,
Or clasping charming Everton;
Or on the northern perch, whose eye
Surveys the beating ——

Confound that knocker! what an interruption this is,
I thought my Pegasus "had sprain'd a wing;
What is the matter in those blue abysses,
Where all the naiads of the fountain sing?
Who's at the door?—and tell me what amiss is?
"Oh! Sir, here's such an accidental thing!"
An accident! bring forth my arms, my pocket case of course.
A horse! a horse! my probang for a horse!

Liverpool, July 15, 1826. CHIRONIUS.

* He has no anonymous name.
† A poet and *Epicurean* philosopher: the "*grave*" Epicurean!
‡ Cleobulus, one of the seven wise Grecians.

THE EXILE'S GRAVE.

It was a spot where flowerets grew,
And wild bells wanton on the bloom,
And heaven shed its holiest hue
Above the exile's stoneless tomb;
And near to it a gentle spring
Made music with its murmuring.

For there the earth, the air, the sky,
Had music in their every sound;
And each bright thing shone beauteously,
In rich profusion scattered round,
And each soft breeze, in wandering,
Brought freedom on its airy wing.

His freeborn spirit could not bear
To sleep beneath a marble stone;
It was as if he could not share
The grave that was not all his own:
He was as free in soul and mind
As ever was the mountain wind.

'Tis true he loved his father's land,
But then it owned a despot's sway;
And he had left its fertile strand
To die in foreign lands away;
And found him there a mountain home,
From which he could at pleasure roam.

And there he chose this lovely spot,
As holy as an infant's dream;
That, though he was himself forgot,
His spirit still might haunt that stream;
That it for ever still might be,
Like that lone stream, as pure and free.

For he was one whose very soul
In fancy's finest mould was wrought;
He could not brook the stern control
That fettered down his every thought:
And there he sleeps, though not forgot,
Beneath that quiet, holy spot.

Manchester. W. R.

The following pleasing stanzas, printed in the *Almanach des Muses*, are written by M. de la Claverie, Professor of the French and Italian languages in this town.

Voyez cette naissante rose,
Quelle fraîcheur! quel modeste incarnat!
A peine encore elle est éclose;
Moins elle s'ouvre et plus elle a d'éclat.

Bientôt elle étale avec grâce
Le luxe heureux de ses vives couleurs;
Mais soudain sa beauté s'éfface:
Que reste-t-il de la reine des fleurs?

Ainsi la fleur de notre vie
Ne dure, hélas! que l'espace d'un jour:
Tout renaît, tout se vivifie,
Mais nos beaux ans s'envolent sans retour.

Cueillons la rose dès l'aurore;
Viendra le soir, il ne sera plus temps.
Aimons, aimons, Eléonore;
L'hiver accourt, jouissons du printemps.

TRANSLATION.

Behold that lovely budding rose,
How sweet its scent! how fair its crimson dye!
Though scarcely yet its leaves disclose;
But open'd less, the more it charms the eye.

But soon its leaves unfolding spread
A rich luxuriance through the bowers;
Yet soon its beauties are all fled,
Then what remains of thee, O! queen of flowers?

And thus the flower of life doth fade,
It only lasts a transitory day;
But flowers rebloom in gay parade,
While ne'er-returning youth doth pass away.

Let's pluck the rose e'er dawn be o'er,
When evening comes the time will be too late;
Then let us love, my Elienore,
Since spring is ours, let's not for winter wait.

July 21, 1826, 5, *Paradise-street.* W. W.

The Beauties of Chess.

THE KNIGHT'S MOVE AT CHESS.

The problem to cover the 64 squares of the chess-board by 64 moves of the knight, has often been published; and we shall here point out the rule by which it may be accomplished. We have heard that the problem can be solved from any and every square in the board, but as we are at present ignorant of any theorem of such general application, we shall confine ourselves to the method with which, and its rule, we are acquainted. This rule is always to keep as near the external squares as possible, that is, never to pass to the second row, when you can move to the first; nor to pass to the third, when you can get at the second.

Whether this rule applies to every mode of setting out, we do not know, but it is infallible when the commencement is made from any of the outside squares.

The example we shall give, if examined, will show the principle. We shall set out from the white queen's rook's square, which, in our mode of notation, to which we shall adhere, is A 1. From this station it is obviously impossible to move to any square in the external row, and we must necessarily move to the second row; we therefore go to C 2. From this we can arrive again at the outside row, E 1, from whence we again move to the second row, and thus keep alternating between the first and second rows, until we arrive at the 37th move, when we are compelled to enter the third row, F 6. The next move, however, bearing the rule in mind, brings us again to the first row, G 8.

We trust we have made this perfectly intelligible, and, under this persuasion, we proceed to describe the sixty-four moves in succession.

1 .....A—1	23.....G—1	44 .....B—1
2 .....C—2	24.....E—2	45 .....A—3
3 .....E—1	25.....G—3	46 .....B—5
4 .....G—2	26 .....H—1	47 .....A—7
5 .....H—4	27.....F—2	48 .....C—8
6 .....G—6	28.....D—1	49 .....E—7
7 .....H—8	29.....B—2	50 .....C—6
8 .....F—7	30.....A—4	51 .....D—4
9 .....D—8	31.....B—6	52 .....F—3
10 .....B—7	32.....A—8	53 .....E—5
11 .....A—5	33.....C—7	54 .....C—4
12 .....B—3	34.....E—8	55 .....E—3
13 .....C—1	35.....G—7	56 .....F—5
14 .....A—2	36 .....H—5	57 .....D—6
15 .....B—4	37 .....F—6*	58 .....E—4
16 .....A—6	38.....G—8	59 .....C—3
17 .....B—8	39 .....H—6	60 .....D—5
18 .....D—7	40.....G—4	61 .....F—4
19 .....F—8	41 .....H—2	62 .....E—6
20 .....H—7	42.....F—1	63 .....C—5
21 .....G—5	43.....D—2	64 .....D—3
22 .....H—3		

Here then we have a general rule as applicable to all the twenty-eight external squares; and it must be obvious that if, instead of setting out from A 1, and finishing at D 3, we had begun at D 3, we should, at the end of 64 moves, have arrived at A 1. This consideration leads us to the conclusion, that there must be a general rule for performing the problem from any square in the board.

As even the experienced chess-player who has not practised this mode of covering all the squares in succession, will be very apt to make a mistake by getting into the second row, when the first row is open to him, or passing into the third when he could have moved into the second, we advise him to try the experiment upon a chess-board of wood, and mark the square as he arrives at each with a chalk dot. These are easily rubbed out, and it is a good simpler way than covering the squares with counters. We advise him also to make a cross or some distinguishing mark on the square from which he set out.

We hope to receive such assistance from our correspondents, as may enable us to ascertain whether there be or be not some certain mode of performing this problem setting out indifferently from any square. At present we merely surmise that there is such general theorem, because we fancy we see its *rationale*; but we are in expectation of procuring a work expressly on the subject, which, we are told, will afford much insight into the subject.—*Edit. Kal.*

* Here the player must, necessarily, enter the third row, as there is no vacant square in either the first or second.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

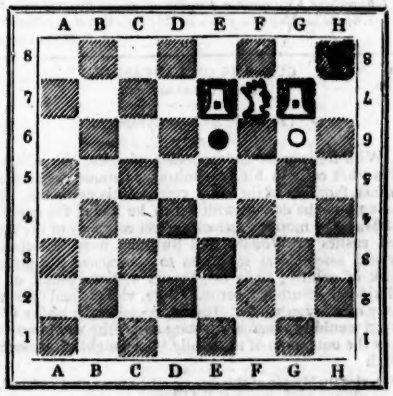
SOLUTION TO GAME CI.

White.	*Black.*
Knight.....B—3 ✕	King .....A—2
Knight... ...C—5	King .....A—1
King .....C—2	King .....A—2
Knight.....D—3	King .....A—1
Knight .....C—1	Pawn.....A—2
Knight .....B—3 ✕ MATE.	

[NO. CII.]

The black to move, and the white to checkmate with the pawn.

Black.



WHITE.

SMITH'S SYSTEM OF WRITING.

Owing to the address to the following advertisement being omitted in the *Mercury*, it is here repeated.

EXTRAORDINARY FACILITY, ELEGANCE and UTILITY.

THE LADIES and GENTLEMEN of Liverpool and its Vicinity, are respectfully informed that the true theory of an elegant system of WRITING, together with the entire graphic powers of the hand and arm, are completely developed, and scientifically taught, by J. B. SMITH, the author of the method, in *One single Lesson*; after receiving which, Pupils of both sexes may, with about eight hours' practice, make themselves masters of Writing, not only the most elegant, but the most useful style of hand ever before communicated.

Terms for the LESSON, and complete sets of Copies, Seven Shillings.

Those who may wish to do the practical part, or complete the improvement under the eye of the Teacher, may receive another Lesson or two, at Five Shillings each, or be completed in the arts of Writing and Pen-making, for £1 5s. 0d.

Any respectable Person who may be incredulous as to the efficacy of Mr. SMITH'S system and mode of teaching, may see numerous specimens of improvement, and have reference to persons of the first respectability, by applying at his Apartments.

For the accommodation of those who wish to become their own teachers, Mr. SMITH has published his "Invaluable Principles of Writing," price 6s. which may be had of the Author.

Mr. SMITH'S system is essentially different from, and mode of teaching incomparably superior to, that of Mr. Lewis, or any other Professor who may have visited Liverpool; and although a number of imitators have attempted to teach Mr. SMITH'S system, yet none have proved themselves able to communicate its genuine benefits.

7, *St. Vincent-street, Great George square.*

Scientific Notices.

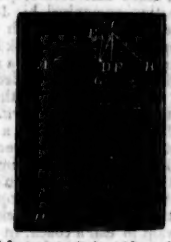
ANSWER TO THE MATHEMATICAL QUESTION PROPOSED IN THE KALEIDOSCOPE OF THE 18th JULY, BY C. C. E.

CONSTRUCTION:

Let AB be the given base of the triangle, and from D, the middle of AB, draw DC, to form with DB the given angle CDB; produce CD below AB, making DH, the part produced, a third proportional to DG and AE, G being the point in which a perpendicular let fall from A upon DH meets it, and join AH; then draw DE parallel to AH to meet in E a circular arc described from A as a centre with a radius = half the given sum of the sides, and from A, through E, let a line be drawn to meet DC in C, and join CB; so will ACB be the required triangle.

DEMONSTRATION:

By construction DH : AE :: AE : DG, and by similar triangles DH : AE :: DC : EC, therefore AE : DG :: DC : EC; but, having drawn CF perpendicular to AB, DG : AD :: DF : DC, consequently AE : AD :: DF : EC, and therefore $2AE \cdot 2EC = AB \cdot 2DF$: Now, by Leslie's Geom. 21.2, 4th edition, $AC^2 - CB^2 = AB \cdot 2DF$, consequently $AC^2 - CB^2 = 4AE \cdot EC$, that is $(AE+EC)^2 - CB^2 = 4AE \cdot EC$, therefore $AE^2 + EC^2 + 2AE \cdot EC = 4AE \cdot EC + CB^2$, hence $AE^2 + EC^2 - 2AE \cdot EC = (AE-EC)^2 = CB^2$, or $AE - EC = CB$, and therefore $AC + CB = AE + EC + AE - EC = 2AE$. Q. E. D.



The numerical lengths of the sides of the triangle may be determined as follows:

By Trig. Rad. : sin. $\angle GAD = \angle DCF = 90° - 67° 30' = 22° 30'$ :: AD = 10 : DG, therefore

log. sin. 22° 30′	= 9·582840
log. (AD=) 10	= 1·000000
	10·582840
log. rad.	= 10·000000
log. DG	= ·582840,

and consequently DG = 3·827. But (Euc. 47.1) $AC^2 = GC^2 + AG^2$ or $(AE+EC)^2 = (GD+DC)^2 + AG^2$, consequently (Euc. 4.2.) $AE^2 + EC^2 + 2AE \cdot EC = GD^2 + DC^2 + 2GD \cdot DC + AG^2$; and, as is shown above, AE : DG :: DC : EC, consequently $AE \cdot EC = GD \cdot DC$, and therefore $DC = \frac{AE \cdot EC}{DG}$; whence $AE^2 + EC^2 = GD^2 + AG^2 + DC^2 = AD^2 + \frac{AE^2}{DG^2} \cdot EC^2$, consequently $\frac{AE^2 - DG^2}{DG^2} \cdot EC^2 = AE^2 - AD^2$, and hence $EC = \sqrt{\left(\frac{AE^2 - AD^2}{AE^2 - DG^2} \cdot DG^2\right)} = \sqrt{\left(\frac{12·5^2 - 10^2}{12·5^2 - 3·827^2} \cdot 3·827^2\right)} = 2·412$; therefore $AC = AE + EC = 14·912$, and $BC = AE - EC = 10·088$. Q. E. I.

We have also received solutions from Mr. J. W., *Heywood*, Mr. John Holroyd, *Oldham Grammar School*, and Thomas Todd, and approximate answers from J. Someright, and an Irish Labourer. The latter is informed he may have a reply to his query on applying at our office.

Biographical Notices.

THE LATE MR. FARQUHAR.

"Mr. Farquhar was a native of Aberdeen, and went out early in life to India, as a Cadet on the Bombay establishment, where he was a chum of the late General Kerr. While at Bombay, he received a dangerous wound in the hip, which caused lameness, and affected his health so much, that he was recommended to remove to Bengal. Mr. Farquhar's mind was ever occupied in study, and chymical research was his favourite pursuit; from its practical application the foundation of his immense fortune was laid. There was some defect in the mode of manufacturing gunpowder in the interior, and Mr. Farquhar was selected to give his assistance. By degrees, he got the management of the concern, and finally became the sole contractor to the Government. In this way, wealth and distinction rapidly poured in upon him, and he attained the particular favour and confidence of the late Mr. Warren Hastings. In Bengal, he was remarkable for the closeness of his application, unabating perseverance, and extraordinary mental vigour, and also for the habits of penuriousness which, in a great degree, adhered to him to the end of his life. After years of labour, he came home from India, with a fortune estimated at half a million of money, the principal part of which was invested, through Mr. Hoare, in the funds, at the rate of £55 for 3 per cent. Consols. On landing at Gravesend, Mr. F. got on the outside of the coach to London, and his first visit very naturally was to his banker. Full of dust and dirt, with clothes not worth a guinea, he presented himself at the counter, and asked to see Mr. Hoare. The clerks disregarded his application, and he was suffered to wait in the cash-office as a poor petitioner, until Mr. Hoare, passing through it, after some explanation, recognised his Indian customer—the man whom he expected to see with a Nabob's pomp. Mr. Farquhar requested £25 and took his leave.—After leaving the banking-house, he went to a relation's, a baronet, with whom he for some time resided. About Christmas a grand rout was to be given by the relation of Mr. Farquhar, in consequence of his return. One evening, a week previous, Mr. Farquhar received a hint from his relation that his clothes were not of the newest fashion, and recommended a Bond-street tailor to him. Mr. Farquhar asked him if that really was his opinion; the answer was given in a way with which Mr. Farquhar did not feel pleased; he went to his bed-room, packed up his trunk, requested the servant to call a coach, in which he set out, and never after associated with his titled relative. He then settled in Upper Baker-street, where his house was to be distinguished by its dingy appearance, uncleaned windows, and general neglect. An old woman was his sole attendant, and his apartment, to which a brush or broom was never applied, was kept sacred from her care.—Books and papers were strewed on the floor; the spot where the book was concluded, there it was thrown, and never removed. His neighbours were not at all acquainted with his character; and there have been instances of some of them offering him money as an object of charity, or as a reduced gentleman. He became a partner in the great agency house, in the city, of Basset, Farquhar, and Co. and also purchased the late Mr. Whitbread's share in the brewery. Part of his wealth was devoted to the puchase of estates, but the great bulk was invested in stock, and suffered to increase on the principle of compound interest. Every half-year he regularly drew his dividends, his mercantile profits, and his rents, and purchased in the funds. His religious opinions were said to be peculiar, and to be influenced by an admiration of the purity of the lives and moral principles of the Brahmins. It is said that he offered £100,000 to found a college in Aberdeen, on the most enlarged plan of education, with a reservation on points of religion; to which, however, the sanction of the Legislature could not be procured, and the plan was dropped. Mr. Farquhar, a few years since, set up a handsome chariot; but his domestic habits continued the same, and his table seldom laboured with a pressure of heavy dishes. He was diminutive in person, and by no means prepossessing in appearance; his dress had all the qualities of the antique to recommend it; and his domestic expenditure, until lately, had not exceeded £200 a year, although his possessions, money in the funds, and capital in trade, are said to amount to a million and a half.

That Mr. Farquhar was an amiable but an eccentric person, there can be no doubt; though seemingly penurious in his habits of life, he was princely in his liberality; and many mornings when he had left his house with a crust of bread in his pocket, to save the expense of a penny at an oyster-shop, he has given away hundreds of pounds in works of charity. In the summer of 1822, when the public curiosity was highly excited by the unexpected offer of Mr. Beckford's far-famed seat of Fonthill Abbey, and all its long hidden treasures for sale, and conjecture became weary in searching for a purchaser amongst the most wealthy portion of the Aristocracy of the land, curiosity was converted into amazement by the announcement, that the frugal Mr. Farquhar was become the proprietor of so much splendour. The price paid for the estate and all the works of art contained in the Abbey, which Mr. Beckford spent a life and princely fortune in collecting, is now pretty well understood to have been £340,000. Mr. Farquhar, soon after the purchase, went to reside at the Abbey, of which he occupied but a small part. Our readers will probably remember that some time ago the enormous tower of the Abbey fell on the roof of the building, and turned almost the whole pile into one mighty ruin. Mr. Farquhar, with his domestics, were in the Abbey at the time of this sudden destruction, but fortunately sustained no personal injury. He did not attempt to restore the building, which would have been attended with great expense; but, as a residence abandoned it altogether, and has since principally resided in the house in the New Road, in which he died.

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

CUSTOMS OF LANCASHIRE
THIRTY YEARS AGO.

[*From the Museum Europæum.*]

With feelings of indescribable pleasure the editor of this work calls to his remembrance various customs and scenes familiar to the early years of his existence. Still present is the delight with which he hailed the approach of May-day morning, when a select company of the musical rustics of Worsley and Swinton, near Manchester, would assemble at midnight to commence the grateful task of saluting their neighbours with the sound of the clarionet, hautboy, german flute, violin, and the melody of a dozen voices. On this occasion the leader of the band would commence his song under the window or before the outer door of the family "he delighted to honour" with

"O, rise up Master of this house, all in your chain of gold,
For the Summer springs so fresh, green and gay,
I hope you'll not be angry at us for being so bold,
Drawing near to the merry month of May."

In this strain, including some encomium or happy allusion to the various qualifications of the mistress and other branches of the family, the whole were saluted; after which a purse of silver or a few mugs of good ale were distributed among the company; thus they proceeded from house to house, filling the air with their music and happy voices, till six o'clock in the morning.

Another custom was for the lads of the villages on May-day-eve, to compliment their sweethearts, and lasses whom they knew, by decorating their doors or the eaves of their dwellings with May flowers or boughs of trees emblematical of affection, or some good quality the lady was supposed to possess: for instance, a Birch for a pretty wench, an Oak for the lover of a joke or a merry girl, &c. Sometimes these compliments were of a rougher cast, as the Hazel Nut for a dirty slut, the Alder (pronounced Owler) for a scolder, or the Willow Green for a forsaken queen. Much amusement was derived from the bustle the lasses would make to have any unwelcome emblems removed before the neighbourhood was apprized of the supposed degradation.

One of the most laughable and amusing customs was observed at Easter, when the young men and young women would disguise themselves in the most fantastic and ridiculous habits, and go from house to house a "Peace Egging" or begging eggs; the most respectable farmers' sons or daughters would indulge in this custom, and very often no mean display of humour and wit was to be met with among these masked rustics. All spirits flowed buoyantly and in unison, while a good song was frequently given in return for the convivial glass of the generous farmer.

The Marriages of the weavers and other mechanics were at that period of the most joyous description. A young couple intending to be married, would invite their acquaintance for miles round to attend them to church, and to dine with them at a neighbouring inn, after the ceremony. The editor has seen a couple attended by three hundred young men and women; ribbons streaming from the hats of the youths and waving on the bosoms of the maids. Now all this was no burthen to the nuptial pair, every guest paid his own expenses at the inn, and the married couple were totally exempt. Fiddling and dancing finished the joyous meeting; and many future matches were often the consequence of the celebration.

Their Funerals were also most numerously attended, especially amongst the colliers of Walkdenmoor, near Worsley, and in the whole parish of Eccles. No invitation whatever was necessary on these occasions, every one went who felt the slightest regard for the deceased, or indeed who wished for a holiday: from one to three hundred was no uncommon attendance.

Various other customs we could revert to as peculiar to that part of the country; many of them now in total disuse; partly occasioned by depression of trade during the late war, and the consequent poverty of the Lancashire weavers and other artisans, by which their native energies, cheerfulness, and happiness, have been nearly annihilated; and many of them, even at this moment of peace and prosperity, scarcely earn sufficient to render life desirable.

Miscellanies.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The following narrative is at your service, if you think it worthy of a place in your entertaining miscellany, the *Kaleidoscope*. It is translated from the fourth book *de l'Histoire de Charles Neuf, par le Sieur Varillas*, and happened at Rouen, in 1562.—Yours respectfully,
LECTOR.

An accident which happened to the most daring and hardy of the besieged, in the combat that we have just related, deserves to be told. François de Civille, a young Calvinistic nobleman in the neighbourhood of Rouen, had entered that city before it was besieged, and had been appointed, by Montgommeri, to command a company of foot-soldiers, with orders to guard a station between the gate of St. Hilaire and les Fourches. In this place he was shot in the right cheek by a musket-ball. The violence of the ball, which penetrated a long way into his head, threw him from the top of the ramparts down to the ground, where the pioneers were working at an intrenchment. These unfeeling men, too much familiarized with scenes of blood to be moved by pity, considered Civille as dead, or at least they imagined that he would very soon be so: despoiling him of his clothes, they payed themselves beforehand for the sepulture they were about to give him, and, although he was but half dead, they cast him into a grave by the side of a soldier that they were then interring. He had been buried six hours when the assault terminated. His groom, who was waiting *with his horse for him*, observing that he did not return, and hearing a confused rumour that he was dead, went to Montgommeri to ascertain the fact, who told him in what manner he believed Civille had been killed. The groom, much grieved, begged that at least they would show him the place where his master was buried, in order that he might take away his body, and convey it to his relatives. Jean le Clére, a lieutenant in the guards of Montgommeri, offered to show him the place. The night was very dark, and they durst not take a light with them, as the enemy would have fired at them immediately. However, the lieutenant had marked the grave so exactly, that the groom found the two bodies; but the wounds that they had received in the face, and the mud with which they were besmeared, had so disfigured them, that it was not possible to distinguish Civille from the other; thus the groom was compelled to replace them in the grave whence he had taken them. The danger to which he exposed himself in performing this melancholy duty, and the distraction of his mind, occasioned by his singular adventure, allowed him to do it with so little exactness, that he left one of the arms uncovered. He returned, overwhelmed with grief; but as he was about to enter the street, and had lost sight of the spot where he had buried his master, he turned his head to look at it once more. The moon, which was rising, enabled him to perceive the arm lying out of the ground, and the fear lest it might allure the dogs to grub up the bodies and devour them, had so much influence over him as to induce him to go back for the purpose of covering the arm. In taking hold of it he found a ring on one of the fingers, which had escaped the observation of the pioneers, who had been in too great haste to make a particular examination. He recognised the diamond that Civille had been accustomed to wear; then unburied his master, and finding, on taking him up, that he was still warm, placed him on his horse,

and conveyed him to the monastery of St. Claire,—the place destined for the wounded. The surgeons having examined Civille, deemed it useless to dress his wounds, and restored him to the groom, who, not knowing what to do, took him to the inn where he abode. In this place he remained four days without taking any nourishment, and, on the fifth day, Grente and Le Gras, two celebrated physicians, having heard that he was still alive, went to visit him, more from curiosity than with any hope of being able to afford him relief. They forced his mouth open, cleaned his wounds, and discovered, on applying the first dressing, that nature had yet sufficient strength to recover, provided she were seconded by art: and, indeed, he began to recover, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of Rouen. When that city was taken, some Catholic officers who had had a quarrel with the brother of Civille, ran to the inn where they had heard he resided. The persons who had informed them were mistaken, for the two brothers bore the same name. The intention of the officers was to kill their enemy; and their vexation when they found that he had escaped their revenge (for he had already left Rouen) was so great, that they wreaked their vengeance on his unfortunate brother. However, they were not willing to finish it entirely themselves, but commanded their servants to throw him through the window, which order was immediately executed. But nothing can take away the life of a man when his last hour is not arrived. Civille fell upon a dunghill that was unobserved by those who threw him through the window, and, as their thoughts were only fixed on pillaging the room as speedily as possible, in order that they might hasten to do the same elsewhere, they put themselves to no more trouble about what was become of him than their masters had done, who had gone out after having given their order. He remained three days on the dunghill without receiving any nourishment, until his servant informed his relatives of what had happened to him. One of the most charitable of them, by means of a bribe, prevailed on the Catholic soldiers to remove him from that place, and to convey him to a country house near Rouen, where he recovered, and lived almost fifty years afterwards.

Specimen of the John Bull's Wit or Ribaldry.—"On the death of Mr. Butterworth, the malicious wit (who is, evidently, given over to the d—l, and incapable of any feeling of saintly excellence) says, the event strangely coincides with a question which this grass-consuming weather causes to be frequently asked by one neighbour of another, what is *Butter-worth* to-day?"—Again, "The papers relate the death of one wretch by drinking gin, and of another unfortunate individual by drinking cold water. What pity, says the wit, these persons had not been acquaintances; for then, by mixing together the gin that killed the one, and the water that was the death of the other, both might now have been alive and merry."

Abernethy.—This very sagacious surgeon, it is well known, soon loses his temper unless a patient tells his story in a clear and concise way. A lady, aware of this, went to consult him for a severe bite on her finger, and after a curtsey the following dialogue took place.—"Your name, if you please, Ma'am." "Of no moment."—What is the matter with you?" The lady held out her finger, but said nothing.—"A bite?" "Yes."—"By a dog?" "No."—"By a cat?" "Yes."—"By H——s, Ma'am, you are a sensible woman; let me know your address." "Of not the least consequence."—The prescription was silently exchanged for the usual fee, and dropping another curtsey, the lady as silently withdrew.

The Housewife.

"Housekeeping and husbandry, if it be good,
Must love one another as cousins in blood:
The wife, too, must husband as well as the man,
Or farewell thy husbandry, do what thou can."

Purifying Water.—Four or five drops of vitriolic acid put into a large decanter of bad water are said to make the noxious particles deposit themselves at the bottom, and render the water wholesome.

Rules in cases of Contagious Fever.—Fresh air in the patient's room is indispensible, especially about the bed; therefore, keep a window partly open day and night, taking care to prevent the wind from blowing directly on the patient's bed. Cleanliness is of the utmost importance; the patient's linen should be often changed, and the dirty clothes instantly put into fresh cold water, and then well washed. Cleanse the floor of the room every day with a wet mop; immediately remove all discharges, and cleanse the utensils. Nurses and attendants should avoid the patient's breath, and stand on that side of the room from which the current of air comes, and carries off the noxious vapours. The visitors should be few; no one must stay long in the room, and on quitting should avoid swallowing their spittle, and clear the mouth and nostrils. Vinegar, camphor, &c. are useless, without attention to cleanliness and fresh air. Fumigate the room once or twice a day, in the following manner:—Mix an equal quantity of nitre and vitriolic acid in a teacup, stirring it now and then with a tobacco pipe or piece of glass, remove the teacup occasionally to different parts of the room. With these precautions, fever will seldom, if ever, spread; to a neglect of them, may be attributed the great mortality by fever.

The Philanthropist.

☞ *We particularly request that our fellow-journalists who have noticed the letter on this subject, which appeared in the Kaleidoscope of the 27th of June, will apprize their readers of the improvement suggested in the following communication:—*

NEW, EFFECTUAL, & CHEAP MARINE LIFE-PRESERVER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the *Kaleidoscope* of the 27th of June, I addressed a letter to the public on the subject of a new cork life-preserver, which had been constructed only a few days previously. That letter was published rather prematurely, and as the suggestion it contained has been very generally noticed, I take this method of giving equal publicity to the very material improvement which daily experience for the last month has enabled me to effect in this most simple, but important life-preserver.

I may be taxed with publishing a discovery first and making the experiments afterwards, nor do I affect to deny that there will be some justice in the charge; but the fact is, that from the moment that the thought of this mode of applying cork suggested itself, I was convinced that it would ultimately lead to most important consequences; and that if the precise method first suggested should not be generally adopted, it would serve as a hint, which would ultimately produce a more simple, effective, and economical life-preserver than any hitherto known.

The first rude experiment I made, and which, as I have already admitted, was published rather precipitately, so thoroughly convinced me that it would lead to important results, that bearing in recollection the anecdote of Columbus and his egg, I could not resist the temptation of putting in my claim to the first thought of a simple apparatus, which will, in all probability, become very general, or will lead to still better methods of saving human life.

Since the date of my former letter, I have made at least thirty trials of cork collars, or jackets, in various forms, in the Floating Bath, and the result has been the most complete success; nor do I fear committing myself when I assert, that, for a few shillings, a simple life-preserver may be made, which can be applied as readily as a man can put on his coat and waistcoat, and which shall buoy him up higher in the water than any man can swim without it. In addition to these properties, a little extra cork will render it capable of floating two, or three persons, or even more. It may also be instantly applied without taking off the clothes, if necessary.—I have already adverted to the defects of the first collar suggested. It was a mere circular piece of cork, of an uniform thickness of about two inches, the head passing through the central opening.—When resting on the shoulders, it stood out horizontally at right angles with the body, somewhat like a Queen Elizabeth's frill or ruff.

This kind of collar, if it contains about three pounds of cork, will accomplish every thing which I promised in my letter; but it is liable to an objection, of which, in my eagerness to convey the hint to the public, I was not aware, but which is now completely obviated. In order to have all the advantages of the buoyancy of the cork, it should be wholly, or nearly immersed in the water: for this purpose, it was necessary that the collar should rest on the shoulders, or at the greatest practicable distance from the chin, in order to elevate the head as much as possible above the surface of the water. To keep it down to the shoulders, the most obvious method was by bandages passing under the arms, or across the back, and tied or strapped over the breast. It was found, however, that unless the bandages were drawn so tight as to be inconvenient by pressure, the collar would rise from the shoulder a little, and, of course, the head become proportionably depressed. The upper circumferent rim of this collar being out of the water, if there be any considerable ripple or swell, the waves are apt to splash over the face. Such were the defects of the first apparatus, which I have thus minutely detailed, because I know that very many persons have, in consequence of my first letter, procured cork collars of that description.

Fig. 1.

In order that the collar, while it rests upon the shoulders, should be immersed either wholly or in a great degree in the water, it should be shaped, not as originally described, but ought to be sloped gradually from the central hole to the circumferent rim, so as to resemble in shape a double convex lens. This may easily be understood by an inspection of the figures. Fig. 1 represents a back view of the collar, with two pieces of strong tape firmly stitched to its under rim, and hanging down at right angles with it. To the end of these are to be fixed a cross strap, with a buckle, to go round the chest, and fasten in front. This belt, although not shown at fig. 1, may be seen at fig. 2.* The two tapes *a* and *b* (fig. 1) are to be of such a length, that when the strap or belt is fastened to their ends, it may lie close under the arm pits, which will keep the back rim of the collar from rising from the shoulders. A small leather strap, which is not shown in fig. 1, is also secured from the under rim of the front of the collar. This, by being passed through a small buckle sewed on to the cross belt, will keep the collar from rising in front. When the tapes and straps are thus adjusted, which may be done in a very few seconds, if the wearer enter the water he will be buoyed up in an upright position, which, if he cannot swim, is the best position he can retain. While thus floating, the whole of the collar, unless it is unnecessarily buoyant, will be immersed in the water; and the wearer will find himself so entirely at his ease, that if the collar be used for the purpose of learning to swim, a week's practice will effect the purpose. When in the act of swimming, part of the back rim of the cork will be out of the water; but this is of no importance, if there be sufficient buoyancy in the part which is immersed. The dimensions of these collars will, of course, vary with that of the wearer. That with which a great many experiments have been made, and which is found quite sufficient to float a person of thirteen or fourteen stone weight, is of the following weight and dimensions:—The whole collar, about sixteen inches in diameter. The thickness of the part which comes in contact, or nearly so, with the neck, is three inches, from which it tapers off towards the edges to about half that thickness. The weight of such a collar is about three pounds. It only remains to explain why the hole for the head to pass through is oblong. The head being narrower from side to side, than from back to front, the hole is cut thus to prevent a waste of cork, and to bring the collar as near as possible to the neck. The inner rim of the circular hole may be padded with a little linen or flannel, to prevent the friction of the cork against the skin.

Having thus described as minutely and as clearly as I can the construction and mode of wearing the simple collar, I shall pass on to another kind of preserver, which many people may prefer, as it buoys up the wearer higher in the water than the mere collar, guards his

* For fig. 2, see next page.

breast and back, keeps him warmer in the water, and is better adapted for swimming. It is composed of a collar, or a half collar, attached to a kind of front and back stays. As it is a most complete apparatus, I shall reserve its description for a separate article, in another form; my principal object in writing this rather long letter being to correct some faults and deficiences which had found their way into my former communication.

The importance of the object I have in view must be my apology with those who may deem the details prolix.

I remain Yours, &c.

EGERTON SMITH.

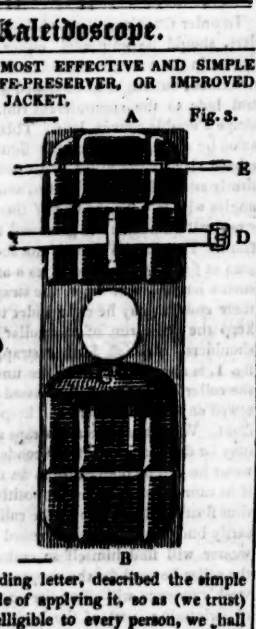
P.S. On a very sudden emergency, when it is requisite merely to buoy a person up awhile until he is picked up, the cork collar is most effective, as it is only necessary to put the head through the hole, and, with each hand, hold down the upper surface of the collar on each side, which will keep it in contact with the shoulder, and buoy a person completely up, as long as he can retain his hold, without any belt or bandages.

The Kaleidoscope.

DESCRIPTION OF A MOST EFFECTIVE AND SIMPLE CHEAP MARINE LIFE-PRESERVER, OR IMPROVED CORK COLLAR AND JACKET.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.



Having, in the preceding letter, described the simple cork collar, and the mode of applying it, so as (we trust) to render the matter intelligible to every person, we shall proceed to give a brief description of the collar, or half-collar and jacket, and the mode of constructing it, which is extremely simple:—A B fig. 3 is an oblong piece of light sail-cloth or strong linen, of length and breadth proportionate to the stature and bulk of the wearer. It has an aperture in the centre, through which the head passes; the part A falling down in front, as far as the waist, and the part B hanging down behind. To the front and back are stitched pieces of cork, of size and shape according to the fancy, or the bulk and weight of the wearer. That we shall here describe is similar to one which we have tried with complete success and satisfaction. The cork for the front and back may be of one piece, hollowed out a little to fit the shape; but we are of opinion that it adapts itself better to the body, and lies closer, when composed of several parts. The reader will perceive we have six pieces of cork in front, and six in the back, ranged in rows of three. In our specimen (fig. 3) the pieces which lie upon the middle part of the back and front of the body are about seven inches broad, while the side pieces are only four, making the whole breadth fifteen inches, leaving half an inch of the linen or sail-cloth on each side. The upper row are about 9 inches long, and the lower row about 6 inches. The back corks are nearly of the same dimensions, but rather of thinner cork, as the same quantity of buoyancy is not necessary, nor indeed proper, behind as before, because the position of the head throws the body, when in the water, into a sloping position, as if leaning forwards. The corks in front, in our specimen, are somewhat more than an inch thick, and weigh about two pounds; those in the back being rather thinner, weigh about one pound and a half; so that the whole jacket, independent of the half collar, weighs about three pounds and a half. The collar (C, fig. 3) is firmly stitched to the upper part of the front sail-cloth, and, when worn, projects out, horizontally, about five inches. Its thickness, nearest the neck, is about three inches, from which it is cut down to a blunt edge, as may be easily understood by inspecting figure 2. The weight of the collar may be about half-a-pound, making the whole preserver four pounds, independent of the sail-cloth and belt. There is more cork in this specimen than is requisite, as it was made for the purpose of being worn over the clothes, which it is always desirable to preserve; so that the wearer, when he reaches shore, may not be, as is too often the case, naked and wholly destitute of apparel. A preserver of this description, will enable him also to carry off a considerable quantity of money in his pocket, if he should happen to possess it. When this simple apparatus is used, the wearer passes his head through the central aperture in the sail-cloth (fig. 3), and the front and back instantly arrange themselves, so that all that remains to be done is, to fasten them together. A strap or belt, formed of diaper web or saddle girthing, &c. (D, fig. 3) is secured to the back collars, at such a distance from the neck as to pass just under the arm-pits; so that when buckled in front, the whole jacket is prevented from slipping up, which it would otherwise do, owing to its great buoyancy.* A piece of strong tape (E) is stitched to the lower row of the back corks, and tied tight in front, over the centre of the lower row of the front corks. When the preserver is thus arranged, which may be done in a few seconds, the collar projects horizontally, as seen at fig. 2, and the front corks are brought into close contact with the breast. The back corks, which are not exhibited in fig. 2, are brought equally tight, and the body is braced up most comfortably, and protected behind and before from external injury; while the buoyancy of the whole keeps the head elevated, much higher than swimmers in general can carry theirs, the half collar, which may easily be made into a whole collar by adding a back part, greatly helps the wearer to remain upright in the water when necessary, and prevents the body turning round, or lying "lob-sided", as it is apt to do when a mere cork waistcoat is applied. The belt or strap should be braced tight, and kept as close to the arm-pits as possible, as the body is thereby prevented from coming into contact with the cold water.

With respect to keeping on the clothes, there can be no question that they should always be retained, if possible, as the wearer can by that means sustain the cold much longer than when naked; besides, as we before observed, saving his apparel and money.

We have already said that there is in the preserver here described, much more cork than is requisite, and we feel confident that if the front cork were one pound and a half, the back cork one pound, and the collar half-a-pound, it would be found sufficient. However, as it was our intention to use our apparatus with our ordinary clothes on, even to the shoes, it was necessary to have a little extra buoyancy.

There are many minor points which must be reserved for another communication. Amongst those are some hints for the construction of the preservers, with as little waste and expense as possible. The experiments we have made, with repeated and almost daily alterations in the proportions or shape of the cork, and other parts of the apparatus, afford no correct estimate of the price at which the simple preserver we have described may be afforded, when made to a regular pattern. It cannot be much, as, independent of a little labour in cutting the cork and stitching it to the canvass, there is the mere cost of a yard and a half of sail-cloth or linen, and three or four pounds of cork.

* The buckle and strap or belt when passed round in front are put through two loops in the front cork, represented by two white stripes hanging down just under the collar.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[From the Liverpool Courier.]

Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer 8 morning		Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
July									
19	29 81	56½	0	62	0	68	0	W.	Cloudy.
20	29 70	56½	0	59½	0	65	0	S.S.E.	Rain.
21	29 39	55	0	57	0	66½	0	E.N.E.	Stormy.
22	29 85	54	0	56	0	68	0	N.N.E.	Fair.
23	29 97	56	0	58½	0	68½	0	N.W.	Fair.
24	30 0	54	0	57½	0	69	0	N.W.	Fair.
25	30 14	56	0	64	0	69½	0	W.N.W.	Fair.

To Correspondents.

MARINE LIFE PRESERVER.—We are glad to perceive that this subject begins to excite a considerable degree of interest. Nothing but a sense of the great importance of the subject should have induced us to bestow upon it so much of our time, and so large a portion of our journal. But when we recollect that three or four pounds of cork, properly distributed will preserve any man from drowning, and keep two or even three persons afloat, we shall, we trust, be acquitted of attaching too much importance to the matter. Since we last addressed our readers, we have been three times in the river, with the following apparel on:—an under waistcoat, a pair of calico drawers, a pair of stockings and shoes, a thick sailor's jacket and trowsers, neck handkerchief, and a hat. With these we swam with ease from the Floating Bath to a Scotch vessel opposite the Duke's Dock, and could have proceeded ten times the distance without fatigue or exhaustion, if a very severe cold and hoarseness under which we laboured, had not rendered it necessary to be rather cautious. The preserver used in these experiments from the Floating Bath, was that represented by figs. 1 and 2; and such is its buoyancy, that in the presence of a great number of spectators, we supported two young men—one holding before, and the other behind; not one of the three stirring either hand or foot. Such was the confidence which this experiment inspired, that a gentleman, who had never ventured outside of the Floating Bath before, requested to try the preserver; with which he was so pleased, that he remained in the river upwards of forty minutes, during which time he must have swam at least three quarters of a mile. We intend to make some whimsical experiments with the collar, such for instance as attaching a light chair or seat to it, so that a person who wears it may float with the stream, sitting all the while at his ease. He may take a light umbrella as a sail, and scud away like another Nautilius.

AIR JACKET.—We shall insert the letter of a correspondent on this subject next week.

CHESS.—*J. B.*, of Broughton, as well as some other correspondents who have addressed us on the subject, imagined, before the solution of No. C. was given, that the black had the move. The white, they say, need not have taken four moves to give checkmate, and it could have mated the black in one move. This is very obvious, as the white castle, by simply moving to A 8, would have finished the game. But that was not the point at issue. Have our correspondents never heard of those games, where one side (white, say) having the power to give checkmate immediately, declines the obvious mode of doing it, and, placing a finger-ring on a particular pawn or piece, engages to give checkmate with that pawn or piece, and no other, in a certain number of moves? No. C. is one of those kind of challenges, and a very beautiful specimen of the ring game. We have one of these kind of games this week. The white should give immediate checkmate, but engages to do it with the pawn.

We thank *Genista* for the trouble taken to transcribe two chess problems. One of them, No. 24, has already appeared in the fifth volume of the *Kaleidoscope*, page 37. The other one we shall have as much pleasure in appropriating, as we shall have in hearing further from this correspondent.

FRESH AND SALT WATER BARM.—The letter of *Dr. Timothy Twist*, on this subject, shall appear next week.

FILTERING WATER.—The letter of *A Stranger* shall appear in our next.

W. R. of Manchester, may obtain the parcel he is in want of, at Mr. Fletcher's, Bookseller, Market-place, Manchester.

Printed, published, and sold, EVERY TUESDAY, by E. SMITH & Co. 75, Lord-street, Liverpool.